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State of New York,
County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. Angus Shaw, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Vice President of the Press Publishing Co., publishers of The World (Evening Edition), and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, circulation), &c., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of Aug. 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer and Vice President.
sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1916.
(Seal.) EDMUND D. TITUS, Notary Public Kings County,
Certificate No. 168, filed in New York County,
(My commission expires March 30, 1918.)

COMPETITION? FIND IT.

THE Mayor's efforts to avert a milk famine failed utterly. The dairymen, while willing to give up the collective bargaining idea and sell milk under individual contracts, nevertheless stand immovably by their demand for higher price schedules. The milk distributing companies are ready to pay part of the increase in price, but not enough to satisfy the dairymen.

Deadlock—hard and fast. Meanwhile the city has less and less milk each day. Thousands of families are unable to get milk at all. Even with the utmost care and sacrifice, children and hospital patients can hardly have their needs supplied for many hours more. A serious situation.

Yet there on the farms is the milk, plenty of it each day, millions of quarts of the healthful, indispensable fluid upon which frailer lives depend, and which forms an important part of the daily strength-giving food of countless workers.

No lack of milk. No way of getting it. Is it any wonder that the public begins to ask whether competition is anything but a cloak and a disguise?

What are anti-conspiracy laws worth when here are farmers with plenty of milk to sell and distributors with ample facilities for delivering it—all supposed to be units of free competition—and yet not one of them making an independent move to get milk to consumers in this city?

According to Commissioner Dillon, this country is "the only one in the world where a commodity like milk is so controlled that it is a physical impossibility to arouse any competition."

If a community of 5,000,000 people can still be deprived of milk, bread or meat without finding even a handful of independent producers with courage enough to come to its rescue, how far has the anti-trust principle really prevailed in American trade and industry?

"Our hands have met, but not our hearts."

Maybe Tom Hood had just come from a political patchwork party and kissing bee at his favorite club when he penned his "Lines to a False Friend."

THE M'GRAW TEMPER.

MANAGER M'GRAW'S "wild Irish temper," as President Tener of the National League calls it, may have raised unpleasant ructions to mar the close of the Giants' season, but we cannot see why it necessarily reflects on the honesty of baseball.

McGraw never said his players gave away the game. He only rated them for being listless and failing to follow his signals. This, so far from suggesting to the public that professional baseball is not on the level, tends rather to spread the idea that managers and players keep a grim eye on one another and are quick to lose patience with anybody who disobeys orders or puts up a slack game. If professional baseball games were ever "fixed," it would at least be a relief to know that the manager is not only not in on it, but liable to turn with fury upon his team if he suspects it of even taking things easy.

We believe college baseball is admitted to be pure sport. But managers or captains of college baseball teams have gone black in the face expressing their feelings toward their players, though maybe not in public.

The McGraw temper is rampant and unretiring. But its excoriating descent upon a team not doing its best seems hardly in a direction to cast doubt upon the cleanliness of league baseball.

The most incorrigible benefactor we have so far heard of was the late millionaire philanthropist of Brooklyn who once went to Iceland "to found a home for neglected ponies picked up on icy barrens."

Hits From Sharp Wits

Seems as though we had more milk and beef before the cows began to sport Colonial pedigrees.—Cleveland Leader.

* * *

We prefer to think that the compelling motive which makes a man stand for a half hour watching a man drive nails is not so much one of curiosity, or the chance that he may hit his fingers, as it is the natural desire man has to see another man work.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

* * *

They who boast of how hard they worked in their youth generally forget to add that it was their parents who worked.—Deseret News.

"In (Party) Union There Is Strength?" By J. H. Cassel

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Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

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"WE had a handwriting expert in here this morning," said Lucile, the waitress, to the friendly patron. "At least, he tells me he can read any kind of chirographics no matter who writes them. Also, he can read character out of your handwriting. Some guy, eh?"

"Yes, indeed," said the friendly patron.

"Naw, he wasn't," Lucile replied. "I think he was just some kind of a faker without retrospect as to definite plurality."

"Without what?"

"Well, you know what I mean—without any correct dope as to where he's going, but he's on his way. We got a new dishwasher out in the kitchen who used to be a college boy, and associating with him has got me using the big words they put in the college circulations. But lemme tell you about the expert!

"'Write your name on that and I'll tell you what you are,' he says.

"I do it. I hand him back the paper bearing 'Lucile Pansy McGoof.' 'Now, I says, 'tell me what I am.'

"He studies the paper a minute and then says: 'You're a waitress and your father's last name began with "M."'

"'Wonderful!' I says. 'You got a great sense of the indicative and comprehensive. And you're also rather nutty, aren't you?'

"He don't like that. With a scowl he crumples the paper up and drops it in his side pocket. 'I'll get even with you for that,' he says.

"'Like Johnny McDougal trying to marry the 300-pound rich girl,' I says.

"'Whaddye mean?' he asks.

"'Fat chance!'

"Well, sir, it was rather a far-fetched joke, but I thought it fitted the occasion. The handwriting expert never says another word. He inhales some coffee and a ham sandwich and beats it. An hour after he leaves I have another strange experience. A messenger boy brings me a note signed 'The Elite Cloak and Suit Emporium.' The note reads: 'Dear Miss McGoof. Your $50 suit is ready and may be had upon payment of the final ten dollars. Please give this matter your attention soon.'

"I hadn't ordered any suit. But that note gets my curiosity. The envelope is addressed right. So to make it more plainer and simpler to you, I beat it over to the Elite—a little place on Eighth Avenue—and get a $50 suit for $10. I wonder if some other Lucile Pansy McGoof paid the forty dollars. I'd hate to cheat her, but I think maybe it's Joe, my gentleman friend, being bashful and making me a present like that."

"What did you say that handwriting expert did with the paper bearing your name?"

"Dropped it in his side pocket."

"If I were you I'd go back and see if he isn't running the Elite shop."

"Lucile thought deeply a moment. "I got you," she replied. "That's why he wanted my name. Oh, well, one can't be vociferously stung on a $10 suit, can one?"

A Girl's Secret Sorrow

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A YOUNG woman committed suicide the other day and her parents claimed the cause of it was a secret love affair. These good people now bemoan their loss and say if their daughter had only confided in them they would have helped her to her heart's desire.

When, oh, when, will girls realize that the most terrible thing in the world is to keep a secret sorrow locked up in their hearts?

When, oh, when, will girls learn to tell those who are nearest and dearest to them their hopes and fears?

When, oh, when, will girls stop to reason that the best friend in the world is mother; that she seeks their happiness above everything else in the world?

And, on the other hand, when, oh, when, will parents invite confidence from the very cradle?

Also, and most important, when, oh, when, will parents recognize that love is the most beautiful thing in the world; that it is an inheritance that comes to every girl since Mother Eve; that love is as natural as nature?

When, oh, when, will parents face the fact that it is the height of hypocrisy to stifle the tendency to love and to be loved; that youth is unnatural when to love somebody or something is lacking in the make-up.

Very much of this tendency to secrete love affairs begins by the attitude taken by the parents of the child. For example, the little one enters a room having unwittingly done something that convention forbids.

The average parent will cry, "Aren't you ashamed?" and then the child is scolded or punished for some innocent offense the purpose of which is unknown to him. From that time on the child instinctively hides his or her inherent tendencies.

Where if, a kind explanation made to the child, a bit of understanding given to it so that it, too, will realize why it should not do the thing it has done, then it appreciates the injunction and is ready to receive the next correction more graciously.

In a word, be your child's own informer. Don't wait until he or she goes to school and learns the lessons of life from others when least able to cope with them.

Furthermore, if every parent would assume an attitude of fairness toward the child when the child's confidence has been given to the parents, that in itself would invite more confidence.

Most children are afraid to tell their parents for fear of the rebuke or punishment that will come. Especially is this so in love matters.

If every mother would teach that love is beautiful, a thing to be desired; that to secrete it implies guilt, then children would be more prone to come to their parents in their very earliest love affairs and thus be encouraged to confide as they grow up.

It is the action of the parents in the trifling things—in the very earliest days— that, after all, count in the long run.

Also the teasing habit is another factor that encourages secrecy. "Little Mary has a beau" or "little Johnnie has a girl" in a trifling, joking way has done more to make little Mary and John as they grow older hide their love affairs.

In the last analysis it is the wise parent who not only takes cognizance of the seemingly small matters but who teaches that love, real love, is not sin but a virtue.

The War for a Continent

MANY names have been suggested for the present titanic conflict, but the War for Africa may in the end prove as apt and apropos as any. Until half a century ago the greater part of the Dark Continent was a terra incognita. At last Europe awakened to the great possibilities of its neighboring continent, and the scramble for its partition commenced. Germany was late in entering the lists and secured but a small and relatively unimportant part of the "white man's burden" to carry on her shoulders. The Teuton desire for a much larger place in the African sun was certainly one of the important factors in the initiation of the struggle. The Seven Years' War, which ravaged Europe from 1756 to 1763, was marked by a simultaneous fight for the possession of North America. To Europeans this was but a side issue, and the battles fought on American soil attracted little attention. Yet in that period the possession of a great and rich continent was decided, and out of that struggle grew the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada, the great New World representatives of Anglo-Saxon political ideals. Little attention is now paid to the minor battles being fought in Africa, yet in their ultimate results they may prove far more important than the issues which are being decided on European battlefields. Africa is a gold mine which has scarcely been touched by the pick, and it is probable that its destinies are now being determined on the field of battle. In history the victory gained by Wolfe at Quebec overshadows all of the great battles fought on European soil during the Seven Years' War. In the time to come the triumphs of Botha and Smuts and other African warriors may be given a much greater degree of importance than now, when history is in the making.

The Beginning of Carpets

REFERENCES to carpets are found among the earliest Egyptian and Assyrian writers. In Egypt, for example, floor and seat coverings were used in temples for religious ceremonies, while about 1500 B. C. they garnished the interiors of the royal palaces.

For 400 years following the dynasty of the Pharaohs carpet weaving was apparently confined to the Egyptians and Assyrians, an extant example of a floor cover of 705 B. C., taken from the palace at Nineveh, bearing a design of woollen lotus flowers and buds.

Arrian tells us that the tomb of Cyrus the Persian was covered with a pall of purple Babylonian tapestry, while Callixenus, the best reporter of his time, writing the story of the banquet given by one of the Ptolemies, pictures "purple carpets of finest wool with the pattern on both sides and handsomely embroidered rugs very beautifully elaborated with figures," a description which might well apply to the floor or chair coverings in any mansion of to-day.

It was in the fifteenth century that carpet making became general in the eastern countries, mainly Persia, Turkey and India.

In England the art began with the immigration of a colony of Flemish weavers under the patronage of Edward III. and his good queen Philippa, the earliest carpet and tapestry factory in England being that established by William Sheldon at Barchester, Warwickshire, in 1509.

Carpet weaving in France shows a continuous history for 250 years, beginning with the progressive and radical Henry IV., who in 1610 granted to Fortier letters patent for the manufacture of piled carpets in silk and wool. Ten years later Pierre Dupont and his partner, Simon Lourdet, started their pile carpet factory at Chaillot; and so, under the direct patronage of the Louises, the Republic and Napoleon, the industry developed until, in 1828, it was transferred to the Hotel des Gobelins, and there also were first made the flat or non-piled carpets, now in general use.

From the time of Elizabeth carpet making in England had made little progress until in 1685 Flemish makers set up factories at Kidderminster, Axminster, Wilton and other parts of the country, a protective charter being granted in 1701 by William III. to weavers of the last named town. Pere Norbet, otherwise Parisot, establishing his carpet factory at Fulham, Passavant at Exeter, Moore at Moorfields, London, Whitley at Axminster and Jeffer at Frome brought about several developments of the art during the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. To the genius of Erastus B. Bigelow of America is due the perfecting of the Jacquard carpet weaving loom worked by steam, while Richard Whytlock of Edinburgh reached the summit of machine carpet making with a process by which the warp threads were dyed and parti-colored in such a way that when woven the several points of color formed the pattern of the whole fabric.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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HELEN ROWLAND

GO to, my Daughter! How SHALL a woman hold the love of a man? Alas, for this, as for roulette and rarebits, there is no infallible "system" and no reliable recipe.

Lo, one woman spendeth all her days in the kitchen that her lord's palate may be delighted, and weareth herself to a shadow with the keeping of his house and the mending of his raiment.

Yet, when he hath waxed fat and rich, he is ashamed because she hath "no style" and hath lost her figure, and he yearneth to exchange her for a pink-and-yellow mannikin.

And another woman banteth herself without mercy and spendeth all her days at the hairdresser's and the manicure's and the modiste's that she may be pleasing in her lord's eyes.

And lo, he scorneth and admonisheth her because she hath no BRAINS, and seeketh out a "mental mate," with short hair and temperament and a figure like a calling card.

One woman keepeth her Beloved beneath a glass case and rageth and fumeth and gnasheth her teeth if he but so much as glance at another.

And behold, he wearieth of her devotion and sickeneth of her "jealousy" and rusheth for comfort and consolation unto any woman who smileth tenderly upon him.

And another woman blindeth herself to her Beloved's follies and introduceth him freely unto every pretty woman, saying: "DO be nice to her."

And lo, he taketh her at her word and seeketh "sympathy" from each of them, saying: "Alas, my wife is SO indifferent!"

One woman aspireth devoutly to become a man's "intellectual companion" and laboreth day and night to assimilate Shaw, and Schopenhauer, and Ibsen, and Browning, and politics, and socialism, and art.

And behold, he is bored beyond endurance and seeketh REST from her eternal "inspiration" in the company of a fluffy chorus girl.

And another woman doeth the "cute and clinging" and cultivateth a baby stare and babbleth infantile nonsense for his amusement.

And lo, he flyeth in desperation to the club, or the cabaret, or the office—yea, ANYWHERE, that he may escape from the innocuous desuetude of her presence.

Yea, verily, verily, he scorneth the damsel who adoreth him and adoreth the damsel who scorneth him; and whatsoever woman he weddeth he wisheth, all the days of his life, that he had wedded "the other kind."

And there is but one way to HOLD him—which is not to TRY. Selah!

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MRS. JARR was admiring a dress that Mrs. Rangle had bought for her little girl at the unheard-of price of $2.49, and had called to show her.

"I couldn't buy the material for that!" said Mrs. Rangle enthusiastically. "And I got four of them."

Mrs. Jarr hid all evidence that she was not rejoiced to hear this, and further that it was only a one-hour special sale and that everything had been snapped up.

In these bargain sale matters the ladies never advise their friends until it is all over and there is no possible chance for participation.

"Dear me! I wish you had let me know about it!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Little Emma is outgrowing everything she has, and I would so have liked to have got her several of them. Why, I declare, they are good enough for Sunday frocks?"

"I thought surely you had seen the advertisement," replied Mrs. Rangle, glibly. "You look so carefully for those things. Don't you remember when I wanted a street dress so badly last fall that you told me about the sale at What-You-May-Call-'Ems? But when I got there it was the day after the sale."

"But I did let you know in time?" said Mrs. Jarr.

"My dear, you may have thought you did," replied Mrs. Rangle, "but it was all over when you told me."

The honors of war now being even, the ladies took up the discussion of family topics.

"I'll make a pitcher of claret lemonade," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mr. Jarr says it is the only thing that seems to quench one's thirst."

"Mr. Rangle likes beer," remarked Mrs. Rangle, "but I say that beer only makes a person more thirsty."

"I think that's the reason that the men drink it," said Mrs. Jarr. "The more beer, the more thirst, and then the more beer to make more thirst to drink more beer——" Here Mrs. Jarr paused, as the mathematical proportions were growing to such an extent they made her dizzy.

"They all declare that beer doesn't affect them and that they drink nothing but beer," remarked Mrs. Rangle. "Well, something affects them, that I do know!"

"How do you tell when something has affected Mr. Rangle?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, Mr. Rangle isn't a drinking man," said the loyal lady. "That is, I will say he has never drunk to excess, but when he has taken too much I can tell it, because—well, because I can see he has taken too much."

"Mr. Jarr is generally very talkative," replied Mrs. Jarr. "He tries to pass it off in a cheerful manner when he comes in late and finds I am awake. So then I always know he's had too much."

"Mr. Rangle's different," said Mrs. Rangle. "I can always tell there's something wrong when he tries to steal in quietly."

"Oh, Mr. Jarr is that way, too," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But when he is I always know he has taken so much that he's afraid to trust himself to speak. They are very cunning, the men!"

"Then sometimes he talks too much and sometimes he talks too little?" asked Mrs. Rangle.

"Yes, and sometimes he's betwixt and between," said Mrs. Jarr. "He wants to pretend he's tired and would like to get to sleep, but I make him talk to me."

"And doesn't it make you mad when you are sound asleep and Mr. Jarr gets in without waking you?" asked Mrs. Rangle. "For then if you do accuse them of being out spending their money and taking too much they wear an air of injured innocence when they don't get very indignant and tell you that you would be enough to drive a man to drink if he had inclinations that way."

"The best way is not to go to sleep," said Mrs. Jarr. "I always try to keep myself awake till Mr. Jarr comes in."

"Are there any times you can't detect it?" asked Mrs. Rangle.

"Oh, yes; but the safe way is to accuse them, anyhow," said Mrs. Jarr. "I do believe that they take something sometimes, when they want to be real cunning, that destroys all evidence. So I think it best to charge Mr. Jarr with it. Anyway, he has no business to be out late when he has a home."

"I certainly agree with you," said Mrs. Rangle.

Neither lady remarked it, but it may be believed that it is by such disciplinary methods that most married men are kept tamed and subjugated.

Making a Crystal Basket

WATER will, especially when boiling, dissolve large quantities of various substances, which, when the water has cooled, are left behind in the form of most beautiful crystals, the shapes of which may vary with the substance employed. One may take advantage of this fact to make very handsome ornaments, says a contributor to the Electrical Experimenter. It is also known that boiling water will take up a much larger quality of alum than cold water. If we dissolve as much alum as possible in the former, as the liquid cools crystals of alum will be deposited on any object placed in the fluid. A piece of coke or cinder allowed to stand in a boiling solution of alum will become coated with numerous glistening crystals as the liquid cools. It will have the appearance of a naturally formed mineralogical specimen.

Ornamental baskets, &c., may be formed in this way by covering wire or willow baskets. The baskets covered with wire and then cotton are the most successful as the surface to be coated with crystals must be somewhat rough. Take twice as much water as will be sufficient to cover the basket, boil it in a saucepan and add as much alum as will dissolve in the water. A quart of water will require about eighteen ounces of alum. Strain this through muslin or blotting paper into a large jar and hang the basket in the boiling liquid. Stand the jar on one side to cool and keep free from dust. In a few hours the basket will be completely covered with white crystals of alum. Should it be desired to color the crystals, add the requisite dyestuff to the alum solution before straining it. A few drops of cheap dyes will serve the purpose well.

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